

HENRY LEBER COIT.*

Men of achievement in medicine are truly rare. It is therefore only fitting when the life's work of one who has truly achieved something fundamental, is ended, that the profession should realize its loss.

In this time of chaos, when life hangs on so small a thread, and men all over the world are dying so that the future may mean more to humanity, it is well to realize that some minds are still devoting themselves to bettering humanity by saving lives.

Such a mind had Henry L. Coit. Graduating in medicine in 1883, he early devoted his time and efforts to the treatment of diseases of infants and children. Laboring as he did in the frightful summers in the East, he early realized that something must be done to stem the ravages of the infantile intestinal disturbances with their frightful mortality. He therefore studied the problem with his highly characteristic force and determination, and reached the conclusion that no single feature was probably playing as great a role in the etiology of Summer Diarrhea as dirty milk.

Only one who has heard Dr. Coit discuss the long and patient struggle that he had to impress upon the profession and the people the importance of his ideas, can realize the stamina and persistency that were necessary to bring his thoughts to a successful issue. In 1893 he formed the first Certified Milk Commission in Essex County, New Jersey, for the purpose of supervising the production of clean milk from non-tuberculous cows.

The profession is accustomed to pass over statements of this type without reflection. How wonderful to have been a man whose mind was keen enough to start a movement that meant the saving of the lives of thousands of infants, and yet how little most of us appreciate the work.

Men like Erlich and Behring die, and beyond a column in the Medical Journal, the world is absolutely ignorant that a genius has passed, and as far as the profession is concerned, a fleeting thought, and the big men are all but forgotten.

Dr. Coit was a man of keen perception and sterling character. His was a life lived strictly by the Golden Rule. In his home he was a kind but firm father, ever thoughtful of those around him, but at the same time, never forgetful of the fact that love must be tempered by judgment.

It was the writer's privilege to know him only during the last few years of his life, but it was indeed a rare privilege. The interest, the solicitude, the enthusiasm for his life work, and above all, for the Certified Milk Movement, were indeed wonderful to behold, and no one could have known Henry L. Coit well without having profited.

The younger members of the profession looked up to him, not only as a man who had truly accomplished something, the value of which was inestimable, but as a true friend to whom they could always go for advice and encouragement, and in turn, his attitude towards them was never

that of condescending seniority, but rather that of a colleague who was ready at all times to receive the ideas of less mature minds and give them reflection and consideration.

Kind, thoughtful, sincere, ever solicitous of the welfare of others, Henry L. Coit died as he had lived, trusting that the work which he had started might go on with unqualified success.

Those of us who knew him shall miss him, but it will always be a source of consolation to his friends that the world was better off because Henry L. Coit lived in it.

DAY DREAMS.

It is said that at the Harvard Medical School something like 168 courses are to be had by graduates in medicine each year. The fees accruing from these courses approximate \$10,000. Of this sum \$8,000 is paid in for Dr. Cabot's course in medical diagnostics, while the remaining \$2,000 is contributed by the other 167 courses.

What pleasing day dreams might find harborage in the mind of a megaloccephalic internist did he permit himself to speculate on such a text! How must his vanity expand and sun itself as there appeared before his mental vision the class, mute, pen in hand, note book on knee, leaning forward to catch and record his every word—a whole regiment sitting at his feet,—even as Saul sat at the feet of Gamaliel. The while about him, crook kneed, uncovered, reverential, gather his assistants and associates, each like "Some grave Pachaw at the Prophets' feet Piously licking them, swearing them sweet." Well might he cry, "Ah, sweet, sweet dream, depart not yet from me."

Now the direction of his dream changeth, but not the quality. How profitably might he not thus employ his much too spare time? For in his dream each of the pupils—and their name is legion—is glad to part with much fine gold for the privilege of sitting at the Master's feet. Poor old Get-rich-quick Wallingford, verily thou wouldst waste away with envy—in his dream.

And, still dreaming, how easy it all is of accomplishment. Has he not but to start a new school or to rehabilitate an old one, to name the teachers, announce the courses and let the pupils appear? Of course they would appear—in his dream.

And after all, there is but one essential to the realization of such a scheme. He must be another Cabot—and that's no dream. SNIKTAW.

THE WAR, MEDICAL CULTS, AND THE LONG-SUFFERING DOCTOR.

When peace fills the land, how it is the fashion to decry the long-suffering doctor. How he and his works and his ideals are held forth to ridicule and scorn and contumely by the yellow medical press, and newspapers of a kind, and "Life," and all the misguided host of fadism who put their trust in quack, charlatan, -path and -ism. How the Legislature and the City Council and the Congress begrudge him law and money for disease prevention, and for establishment of sane and safe health conditions. How he is execrated, and mis-

* An Appreciation: San Francisco County Medical Milk Commission.